

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

Mysterious Power! of thee I fain would sing:
To tell of thee, my daring thoughts aspire;
But, ere my fingers touch the trembling strings,
Oh! breathe around me pure poetic fire;
For none so well can strike the tuneful lyre
As he who does thy potent influence own—
When thus his ev'ry effort dost inspire,
He'll sing, preluding to a strain unknown,
With all but thee thy worshippers alone.
He whose dark path few lovely visions cheer,
The warrior, first in tumult and in fame,
Who never has felt the chilling hand of fear,
Nor yet the rising flood of conscious shame;
If in his heart thou deign'st to light a flame,
Through each recess inspiring warmth shall steal,
That glory, interest, and all passions tame;
And he who unto Mars has shown such zeal,
Shall own the magic power, and at thy altar kneel.
The pious monk and nun, whose life is given
To mild religion, and the cause of peace,
Shut out the world, and dream alone of heaven,
And heav'nly joys that never can decrease;
They'll touch their souls to 'tis! such visions cease—
They'll wish from bond or fetter to be free,
And strive in vain to gain the wish'd release—
Their thoughts and pious actions disagree—
They'll raise the voice to God—their thoughts are
turn'd to thee!

ON THE TRUTH OF FRIENDSHIP.

Addressed to my friend E. S. Potter.
When old Protagoras believ'd,
And said, there was no truth,
But all illusion that deceiv'd,
And transient as our youth—
Fam'd Aristotle rose and cried
Your problem's one of two:
If it be false, you are denied,
If not, there's something true.

A "thus, my friend, I'm often told
There is love in man;
No friendship, save the love of gold,
Which he delights to squander;
Touch but the chord, they say, of gain,
And all his friendships end;
He'll say, Farewell! I'll call again,
But ah! he is no friend.
Now, this is false—I've seen man part
With gold to one in need;
Therefore there's nobleness of heart,
There's friendship in the deed.
I will not think that human kind
So abject is and mean;
Though there are sorrows of the mind,
Yet I some friends have seen.

And thou art one, my trusty friend,
Whom I will never believe
Would to ignoble actions bend,
Or friendship's faith deceive.
I've known thee many years, and yet
Thou art one friend of few;
And never shall my heart forget
A friend so firm and true.

MILFORD BARD.

THE MORALIST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Thou shalt do no murder."

In despite of the arduous so universally displayed in the suppression of immorality, one noxious weed has thriven, with a rankness which threatens to choke and wither all the gentler virtues of society. I avenge the impious, the savage practice of duelling. The pulpit and the press, combining their efforts in intrepid opposition to vice, have faltered in their courage, and languished in their diligence, when approaching the den of this fearful and desolating monster. And those who, from wisdom, experience, and purity of character, are considered the censors of public virtue, have gazed passively on, while the most eminent men of our country, the salt which gives society its savour, have been immolated to a corrupt and savage state of public opinion.

Thine is the power that mirths the hardest heart, That bids the savage quit his destin'd prey; Lo! from his hand down drops the harmless dart, He feels—and bats beneath thy sunny ray. Behold the fawn unshar'd around him play, O'er him o'er his former deas is cast, He lies in his native woods dost stray,

Thinking that magic o'er his frame has past, He muses sighs, and looks as though it were his last. As some lone traveller, at dead of night,

Wanders, hew'd, through the pathless glen, Hail! Lona rising with refugeless bright,

To light him to his former track again;

So thin appear to our mortal ken,

Cheering the loneliest, darkest hour of men;

Strewing their paths with flowers and freshest green,

And strews not a dark cloud dare to intrude.

Where are thy best lov'd haunts? on earth where

found?—

With them that in the scenes of folly dwell, Where bursting peals of mirth and frolic sound,

Now dying on the gale, now rising swell?

Or with the anchoite in gloomy cell?

Where, if pale mis'ry does her sorrows tell,

The hearted tale each trembling nerve appalls,

And pity pleads in vain, they list not to her calls.

Desire's beam o'er scenes like these do glances,

That shine with dazzling brightness, but to blind

Where folly, pride, and churlishness advance,

Lovely legs, with lovy steps, far, far behind:

But where to touch the heart that act inclin'd,

What new emotion gushing from it springs!

Go search the peasant's humble cot, you'll find

Affection round each word or action clings,

Far purer than in stately palaces with kings.

MONTALBAN.

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

The sunshine is bright on the valley and stream,
And nature, all blooming, exults in the beams;

But darkly the willows and cypresses shade

The solitude and where my husband is laid.

I went to the home where my children were born,

But widow view'd it as lone and forlorn;

Sweet children were there, and the parents were blest;

But I was the stranger's disconsolate guest.

The husband seem'd ever to gaze on his wife,

And sweetly she smiled on the joy of her life;

At the bread was an infant; and, shouting with glee,

A blue-eyed boy dash'd on the fatherly knee.

I envied them not, but I could not forget,

That these my own husband and children had sat;

And, struggling with sorrow, I mentally said,

My babies are scatter'd, my husband is laid!

The mother was kind, and she strove to allay

The sorrow that's wasting my spirits away,

And could but look up through the lovely sky,

And pray that her eyelids might ever be dry.

All! sunshine may brighten the valley and stream,

And beautiful nature exults in the beams;

But darkly the willows and cypresses shade

The solitude and where my husband is laid.

PALEMON.

TO A LITTLE GIRL.

Sweet child, enjoy that cheerful glee,

It springs from childhood's purity;

Enjoy each little childish art,

Whilst scene like this can please thy heart;

This only joy of life must yield to care.

Thy spring of life must pass away,

And yield to summer's searching ray;

Those little charms that now can please,

Will lose their relish by degrees,

And care, dull care, will then usurp their place,

And stamp its form upon thy lovely face.

Enjoy spring's blessings whilst they last,

They soon must yield to autumn's blast;

That rose that now adorns thy cheeks,

Sadly the coming change bespeaks.

Ah! little think'th thou whilst those charms engage,

How soon sweet youth must yield to pain'd age.

E'en as the rose, unconscious maid,

That taint upon thy cheek must fade;

And then, an emblem of decay,

Remain till that all certain day.

When those sweet lips—those eyes—that bamy breath,

All must be still, beneath the hand of Death.

G.

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